

# CHANDAMAMA

MAY 1979

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SPRINGS UP"





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


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


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Read Chic Cherub—the special children's section in Chic magazine. For contest details write to Chic Publications, Akash Gangs, 89, Bhulabhai Desai Road, Bombay 400036.

**Hurry! Contest ends 31st July 1979.**

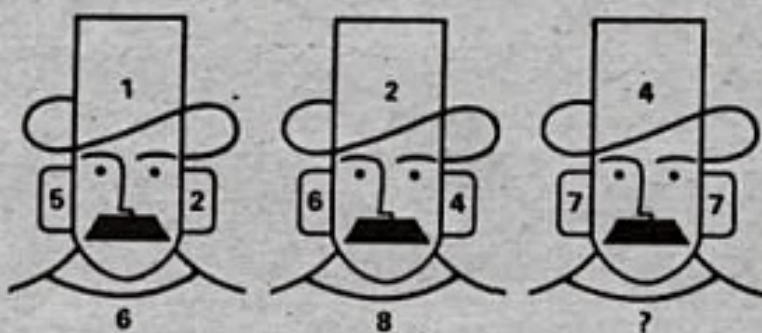
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## GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

लुब्धमर्थेन गृह्णीयात् स्तब्धमञ्जलिकर्मणा ।

मूर्खं छन्दानुरोधेन यायातथ्येन पण्डितम् ॥

*Lubdharmarthena grhṇīyāt stabdhamañjalikarmaṇā  
Mūrkhām chandānurodhena yāthātathyena paṇḍitam.*

A greedy fellow can be won over by money; a stubborn fellow through a show of humility; a fool through flattery; a wiseman through truthfulness.

— The Hitopadeshah

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# CHANDAMAMA

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Founder : CHAKRAPANI

## THE BACK NUMBERS MATTER!

The *Chandamama* receives a large number of questions seeking answers in the page, LET US KNOW. Many of such questions are designed to elicit educative answers.

We wish we could answer all or at least most of them. But space being limited, we have to choose only such questions which may be of interest to the maximum number of readers.

However, before sending their questions, our readers are requested to look through the old issues of their magazine to be sure that the questions they intend to ask are not already answered. In the very latest bunch of questions your magazine has received, there are several which were answered earlier. Readers Sanjay M. Agarwal, P. Fairuze, Lakshmi Viswanathan, Sujatha Viswanathan, Vinay, Anees H. Khalfey and Sanjay Mahapatra can find the answers to their questions on the Olympic Games, the All Fools Day, the Kohinoor, the Discovery of America, the Peacock Throne, the Nobel Prize, and the Seven Wonders of the Middle Ages, in September '77, June '77, April '77, April '79, April '78, January '78, and June '78 numbers of the *Chandamama*, respectively.





*Who formed the caste system and when?*

P. M. Devaraj, *Bangalore*  
Gangadhar Jena, *Pichukuli.*

Origin of the caste system dates back to the most ancient times. The *Rig Veda* says that men representing the four major castes sprang out of Brahma, the Creator.

But we have come a long way from the Vedic attitude to the system. The ancient guardians of the society looked upon the society as one human body and they knew that various people must devote themselves to various duties, as sincerely as possible. Specialisation was necessary for all the types of work, physical or spiritual. Just as a *Shudra* busy in keeping the daily discipline of the society should not be suddenly called upon to take arms and defend his land against an enemy invader, so also a *Kshatriya*, meant for politics and warfare, should not be expected to take to trade—the sphere of a *Vaishya*. A *Brahmin* was expected to take care of the religious and spiritual welfare of the society.

The feeling of superiority and inferiority were not attached to the nature of work; nor was it open to anybody to feel proud on account of a superior caste. One was as much to blame for his failure as a warrior (*Kshatriya*) as for his failure as a spiritual guardian (*Brahmin*).

A spiritually enlightened society, which believed in rebirth, thought that the soul must go through many experiences and one who was a *Kshatriya* in a certain life could be born as *Shudra* or *Vaishya* in the next. In any case, birth was not the sole factor for deciding one's caste. One's inclination and aspiration played a vital role.

*(Readers are requested not to send new questions for a few months. Let your magazine finish answering at least a part of the backload of questions.)*





## THE MYSTERIOUS BANDITS

Koshala was a land of peace and prosperity. But once when the king's army kept busy along the frontier fighting an invading enemy, bandits began to harass the citizens.

It was not possible to recall the army from the frontier. The king raised a special force to deal with the bandits. Almost immediately the bandits stopped their activity.

The king was happy. He understood that the bandits who came from outside his kingdom, had gone back to their own land. They had hoped to profit by the absence of the royal army. They did not expect that the king would be able to organise a new force to tackle

them.

The king, however, did not disband the special force even after the menace was over. He continued to maintain the force in its proper form. He did not mind the strain on his treasury. He was happy that the bandits had gone back.

But, after a month, the banditry was reported again. The special force could not catch even one bandit. The king was astonished. He called the captain of the special force and took him to task for the inefficiency of his regiment.

"My lord, my sepoys say that to pursue the bandits is a difficult and risky job. They want a rise in their salary," said the



captain.

The king was annoyed. "It is mischievous and stupid to demand more salary before proving your efficiency," he roared out.

The members of the special force took the king's words as an insult. They stopped reporting for duty. The king got upset. Since the bandits were active even when the special force was on duty, will they not grow more active when the force was on a strike?—he wondered.

However, the king showed firmness and gave no vent to his fear.

The captain met him after two days and said, "My lord, my men are willing to return to work if you withdraw your harsh words. Their demand for more salary may be considered

later."

But the king refused to withdraw his words. The members of the force left for their villages. Surprisingly, the activity of the bandits stopped.

The war in the frontier was over. The soldiers returned to the capital. One night they captured two burglars. It was seen that they were members of the special force.

Only then the mystery was resolved. The first batch of bandits had stopped operating as soon as the special force came into being. At the second phase, it was the special force which, in the guise of the gang of bandits, was plundering the people. When it dispersed, the banditry stopped.

The king disbanded the force and got all its men arrested. They were suitably punished.





## ADVENTURES OF MINTOO

# MINTOO SHOWS HIS MAGIC!

Meena's parents decide to settle on a patch of land between the forest and the river. Mintoo lends a helping hand, even Jhandoo does his bit in building a house for them.



In Meena, Mintoo at last finds a playmate. He is excited. He leads her to show his dwelling—the cave. Jhandoo receives her with the gift of a guava.



At a hint from Mintoo, the baby elephant lifts Meena up by its trunk. Meena is scared. But Mintoo puts courage into her.



After this novel experience, Meena is much more courageous. Inspired by Mintoo, she even dares to climb a hill.







There was a tree all white with flowers. "I'd show you a magic. This tree will rain flowers at my bidding," said Mintoo. "Rain!" he shouted. Indeed, flowers came down like a shower.

But soon Mintoo divulged the secret. Jhandoo sat on the tree and shook the branches when he shouted "Rain!" Jhandoo stopped when he shouted "Stop!"



Mintoo climbs another tree and tells Meena, "Close your eyes for a moment. I shall disappear!" Meena closes her eyes. When she opens them, Mintoo has disappeared.



Surprised, Meena keeps gazing at the tree-top. Suddenly she hears a giggle at her feet. Mintoo emerges. There was a tunnel-like hollow in the tree, from top to bottom!

**NEXT: A RACE WITH DEATH**





# The Prince and the WIZARD

(A month is about to pass since Badal's departure in search of the king's lost talisman. The king, convinced by his astrologers that the princess cannot be saved unless she was married off into another dynasty, is about to arrange for her Swayamvara. At the nick of time Badal returns not only with the talisman but also with Patal Bairavi's magic bell which could do miracles.)

17

The city went festive. There was great excitement all over the kingdom when the people came to know who Badal really was. King Bhuvansingh himself seemed to be the happiest man.

"I am atoning for the deeds of my father. I am going to restore the kingdom to King

Veersingh's rightful heir, Badal, besides giving my daughter in marriage to him," he told his ministers and courtiers again and again.

The Swayamvara only indicated the bride's choice of the bridegroom. Now was the time for the marriage to be performed with due rituals and pomp







and show.

As pundits, priests and musicians flocked to the castle and hundreds of coloured flags were hoisted over the city, the wizard's disciple, Mangal, who had taken station in the ruins on a hillock not far from the city, got curious.

"After all, my master has ordered me to keep a watch on the capital. I must see what is going on within it," he thought and, in the evening, strolled into the city.

By and by he gathered a number of facts. His surprise knew no bound when he pieced them together. He knew the

wizard better than anybody else in the world. The wizard had not revealed to him his motive in leading Badal into the forbidden part of the forest. But Mangal could very well imagine that it was not to send back Badal as the royal bridegroom that his master had lured him away! In any case, Badal's return without the wizard was quite intriguing.

He felt impelled to proceed to the wizard's den forthwith and took to a short-cut that was known only to the wizard and himself.

It was a desolate night when Mangal arrived before the closed cave, the entry into the wizard's den.

"O Master, have I your permission to enter?" he shouted, giving three strokes on the boulder.

The dead silence of the enchanted region was broken as his voice was echoed and re-echoed in the gigantic rocks.

He waited for a minute. There was no response. He was now certain that something was amiss. He recited the hymn, which he had the authority to do only in an abnormal situation, and removed the boulder thereby. And before long, he stood in front



of the image of Patal Bairavi, calling out once again, "O Master!"

The echo of his own voice seemed to ridicule him. Just then his eyes fell on the wizard's corpse—with the head severed from the body.

He stood thunder-struck for a moment. Next he cried out, "O my Master, who on earth could have done this impossible? Is it that audacious young man whom you brought here, most probably to do unto him what he has done unto you?"

Soon he remembered how once his master's hand had been severed and he had joined the detached limb with the body with the help of the holy water that was stored at the deity's feet.

Without losing time, Mangal put the wizard's head and body tightly together and poured the holy water on the neck.

He had not to wait long to see the result. The body showed signs of return to life. It moved. Then, as if waking up from a long sleep, the wizard sat up, looking at Mangal with some surprise.

Mangal broke down and narrated all that had happened. The wizard's face grew stiff.



His eyes seemed to spit fire. He stood up, clenching his fists and grinding his teeth.

"You have done a worthy disciple's turn. Mangal, I shall not forget my debt to you. Now, we must hurry to the city and see what we can do," growled the wizard. Looking at his own chest, he swore and muttered, "The fellow has taken away the talisman!"

Then, after a moment's reflection, he rushed to the deity's feet and looked closely.

"It is as I feared. The magic bell of the deity which I could have uprooted only if I could have sacrificed Badal has be-





come his. The prize has gone over to him by the virtue of his sacrificing me. And it is the bell that has brought him all the fortune."

"What are we to do now?" asked Mangal with concern.

"We must recover the magic bell—by any means!" answered the wizard as he stroked his beard. "Don't forget that I have some power as it is."

Mangal viewed the wizard's beard with awe which, he knew, was the symbol of the wizard's powers.

They were out of the region before it was dawn.

In the city, thousands thron-

ged to see Badal's castle on the hill that had been built through the magic bell. All were full of praise for it. Decorated with countless lamps, it shone forth from the hill-top for miles and miles.

If the day was joyous, the night was no less so, for it was at an auspicious hour of the night that Badal's marriage with the princess was to be solemnised.

However, if thousands were happy on the occasion, there was one unhappy soul. He sat on a slab of stone beside the river and thought of drowning himself. But the water was rather cold. He was thinking of asking the servants to warm up a huge potful of water for him to commit suicide comfortably, but the servants were too busy to pay any attention to him.

Needless to say, the man was none other than Samser. However, he enjoyed disturbing the water of the river by throwing pebbles into it. That distorted the reflection on the river of Badal's magic castle and that made him happy.

"There! The castle crumbles down!" he shouted, enjoying his own voice, hurling stones into the water.



"Hail to the brave prince!" said someone. Samser looked back. Behind him stood the wizard and Mangal.

"If you so desire, not merely the reflection of the castle, but the real castle can crumble down too!" said the wizard with a vibrant laugh.

Samser had seen the wizard performing strange feats in the court.

In the wizard's affectionate address and meaningful words he saw a ray of hope. He hugged the wizard and howled.

The wizard patted him on the back and said, "Even now it is not late for you to win the

princess, provided you work according to my advice."

"I shall, O wizard, I shall," agreed Samser most eagerly.

The wizard whispered his secret instruction into Samser's ears. In a few bounds Samser was in the king's palace.

The bridegroom was already seated near the sacred fire, surrounded by priests. Samser went to him straight with a garland and put it around his neck.

"The princess chose you as her husband. I too choose you," he fumbled.

The assembled noblemen laughed. They knew Samser







well. It was yet another foolish prank by him—they thought.

"I choose you as my friend!" Samser completed his announcement. "But you will forget me once you become the king," he murmured thereafter.

"I should not!" assured Badal innocently.

"Prince Samser, you better move away. It is time for the bride to come!" said one of the royal maids.

"Very well." Samser slipped

away. Little did anybody imagine the mischief he had done. He had stolen the magic bell which Badal constantly kept with him. Badal had placed it right on his seat, but had forgotten to keep an eye on it because of the excitement of the moment.

Samser hurried down to the riverbank and handed over the bell to the wizard.

The wizard, glowing with thrill, rang the bell. Before him appeared Patal Bairavi's emanation at once.

"I want Badal's castle as well as the princess to be whisked away to my place—and myself and Mangal too!" he muttered.

He and Mangal disappeared. To his bewilderment, Samser saw that Badal's magic castle was not to be seen on the hill.

He did not know what to do. He ran towards the palace.

In the palace there was great commotion, cry and chaos. The princess had just disappeared from the very hold of her maids who were leading her to her bridegroom.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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In a certain small jungle lived a large number of birds. The jungle abounded in sweet fruits. A river flowed through it. In summer the birds went and dipped their beaks and flapped their wings in the water, cooling themselves.

A crow was their king. He was kind and clever. Looking at the clouds he could know about the coming of a storm. From the footsteps of the run-

ning animals he could know if a hunter had entered the forest. Accordingly he warned the bird-folk to be on their guard.

Days passed happily. However, as luck would have it, the king-crow fell ill. He called the birds to the tree in which he lived and told them that after his death they should look upon a certain old owl as their king.

"Trust one of your own creatures, one whom you know. If







he proves unworthy, you can take him to task. Don't go after a stranger," he warned.

Soon thereafter the crow died. The leading members of the community of birds went to meet the owl. In the hollow of an old banian tree sat the old owl. He looked wise, but not quite smart.

"Our late king asked us to choose you as our new king," a robin informed the owl.

"I see," muttered the owl. Silence followed.

"We hope, you'd agree to the proposal," said a dove.

"I don't care to be a king. I don't mind either," said the

owl, "since the late king, who was my friend, expressed such a wish."

The birds left him alone and settled down in a big tree for a conference.

"I don't like the owl at all," remarked a lark.

"A king ought to be a spirited creature. The owl is not," observed a parrot.

"I can make a far better king," boasted a partridge.

This made many birds laugh.

"If you can be a king, dear partridge, then I can be an emperor," said a little pigeon.

This dialogue between the partridge and the pigeon put ideas into the heads of the other birds.

"To be frank; I feel that after the wise crow it is now my turn to rule," claimed a kite.

"No, sir, the turn is mine," retorted a kingfisher.

Soon each of the birds began claiming his right to the rulership and each one disputed everyone else's right. There was an uproar. It continued for a very long time. Then someone raised his voice over the clamour and said, "Let us go up flying. Whoever can fly highest should become the king."

The proposal appealed to all.



They flew up together. Into the clouds they went. Many were tired, but nobody was willing to give up.

"No doubt, I have reached the highest point," exclaimed a crow.

"Pooh, don't you see that I am flying at a higher level?" challenged a kite.

And soon each one screamed out his claim that he had reached the highest point.

However, a tiny partridge who was flying at a very low level shouted at the others, "I can see someone flying far above all of us. He is flying so high that there cannot be any doubt about his greatness."

All looked up. A hawk was flying above the clouds. They all requested him to come down. The hawk, with an impressive swoop, settled down on a hillock. The birds sat down on the ground before him.

"What do you want of me?" he asked.

"We are without a king. We want you to be our king. Will you kindly oblige us?" they asked, quite impressed with the hawk's personality. There was no hawk in their forest.

"Why not!" said the hawk politely but gravely.



All were happy. The hawk gave them a long lecture on a variety of subjects which convinced them that he was the wisest creature that ever lived.

"A king ought not to move about without a couple of courtiers following him," said the hawk. Then looking at two young pigeons, he chose them for his companions.

The pigeons felt highly honored. The hawk went off for a flying survey of the forest, along with the two escorts.

He flew onto a high cliff, beyond the sight of the birds, and then before the pigeons knew what he was doing, he



knocked them down and ate up portions of them.

He continued to do this day after day. Everyday he chose two birds for his courtiers and ate them up. At first the other birds thought that those who did not return were busy running the king's errands. But slowly they grew suspicious.

One day they gathered before the hawk and said, "Your Majesty, we see that many of our citizens are missing particularly the privileged ones who give you company!"

"I too have noticed that. What happened to them?" asked the hawk.

"We don't know. We ask you," said the birds.

"Good. Let me tell you what happens to them," said the hawk. "You kill them! As your king I must punish you!"

Then the hawk swooped down upon the birds. They screamed and cried, but many got killed and many were injured. In panic some flew away as fast as they could.

The hawk then took off and flew away to his own region.

A few days later the surviving birds of the forest, maimed and dazed, came together again and made the old owl their king.

(Adapted)





Once upon a time there was a pious Brahmin who lived in a village near a city. He was good and learned. He served as a priest for a number of families and thereby earned his livelihood. His own small family was made up of his wife and three daughters.

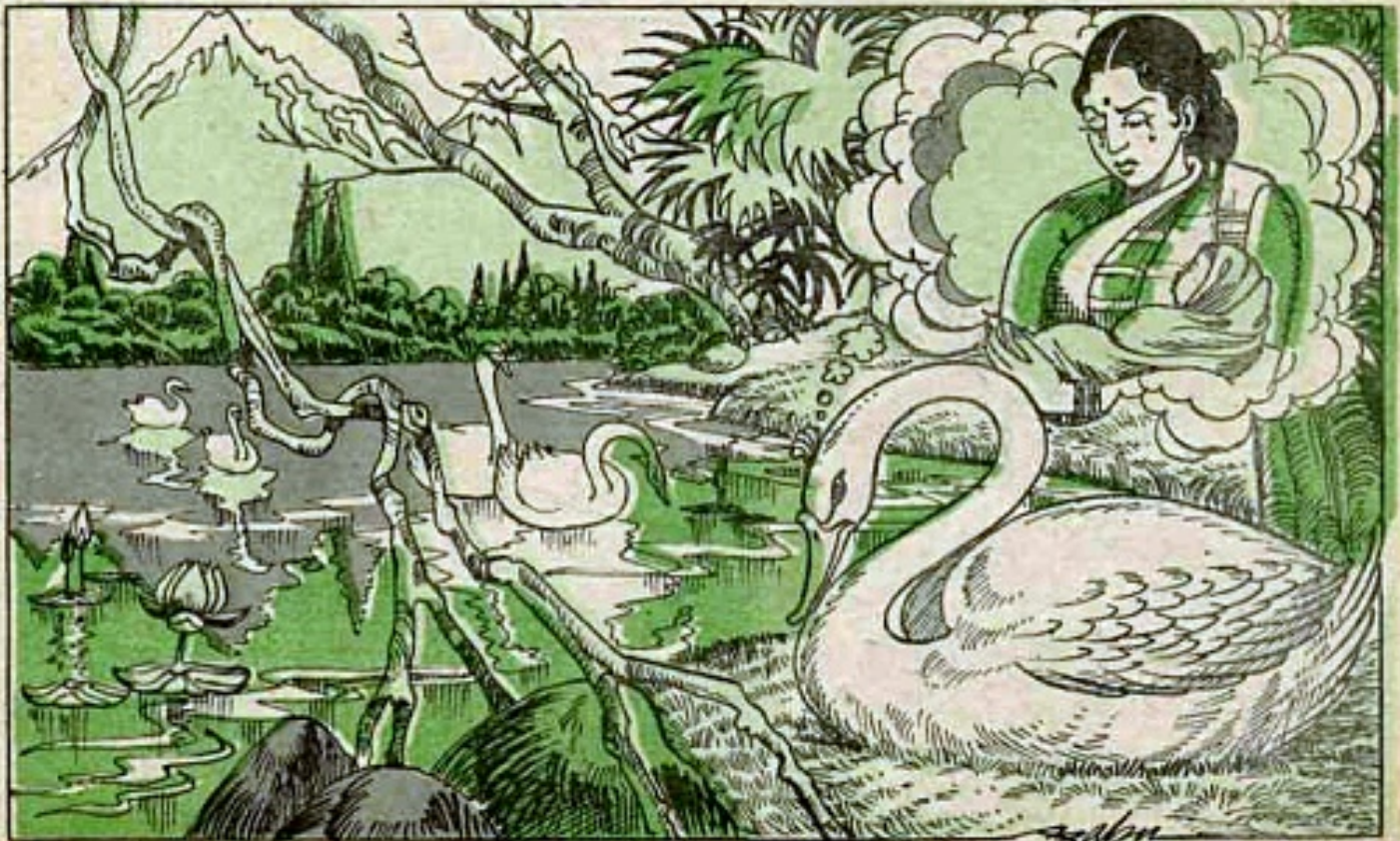
The Brahmin died untimely. His soul, in order to gain some special experiences, reincarnated as a swan. In fact, it was a highly advanced soul—the very soul which much later reincarnated as the Buddha.

The swan who lived in a

beautiful lake, at first did not remember anything of his previous life. But he could see that he was far different from all the other swans. He looked large and his feathers were made of pure gold. One day he sat for meditation and tried to remember what he was in his past life.

By and by the memory of his past life became quite vivid in his mind. He grew curious about the condition of his wife and the three daughters.

At sunset he flew down to his village and found that his hut







was in ruins. His wife and daughters worked in the household of some wealthy Brahmins. They were poorly paid. They lived in misery.

The soul of the Buddha—Bodhisattva—was moved to pity. He took position on the thatch and called out to the woman who was his wife in his previous life.

The woman was surprised. Bodhisattva then introduced himself and shed a feather.

"This is gold. Sell it and with the money you receive, repair the house and provide

yourself and the girls with good food and clothes. I shall come again," said the Bodhisattva and he flew away.

The woman and her daughters were extremely delighted. They did as advised by the swan.

A few days later the swan paid them another visit and shed another gold feather. But that was not the end. He visited them from time to time. Each time he left a precious feather for them.

Now the woman and her daughters lived in a much better house. They ate and dressed well. There was a time when they were serving in others' households. Now they had servants for their own household.

When Bodhisattva saw that the condition of the woman's family had much changed, he visited them less frequently.

"I am afraid, the swan would altogether stop coming. He might have been an ideal human being in his previous life. But now he is only a swan. We cannot trust him all the time," the woman told her daughters.

"Whatever he has already given us should suffice for our life-time," said the daughters.

"It would be foolish to rest



content with what we have when we can have much more at a time," observed the woman. She then told them what she proposed to do.

The daughters did not approve of her scheme. But the woman was adamant.

When the swan descended on their roof next, the woman said, feigning great love, "Will you never come down and let me once touch you?"

The swan glided down to the floor. At once the woman caught hold of him and began feathering him. His daughters co-operated with her with some reluctance.

The swan screamed and struggled to get free, but could

not. The woman went on plucking feather after feather till there was no feather left on the bird.

But, to their utter shock, the feathers lost their golden hue rapidly. In an hour they had become as white as the feathers of any ordinary swan.

The swan, bereft of all his feathers, could not fly. He lay in a corner of the house, sick and sad.

The woman and her daughters wailed in anguish.

With time new feathers grew on the swan. But they were all white. One evening the swan took off and left for his lake. He never looked back and never returned.

*From The Buddha Jatakas*







## THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN

At Cheapside lived a gentleman called John Gilpin. He and his wife decided to celebrate their 20th wedding anniversary with a trip to Edmonton.

Well, it was a jolly good decision!

And in the morning of that memorable day Mrs. Gilpin sat in a horse-carriage with some of her relatives, while Mr. Gilpin rode a horse borrowed from a friend. The carriage started for its destination a little earlier than Mr. Gilpin did.

But as soon as Mr. Gilpin hopped onto the horse-back, a strange thing happened. The horse began to gallop at a high speed which soon became fantastic! The people looked in amazement, while Mr. Gilpin's hat and wigs were blown away by the wind.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed;

Up flew the windows all;  
And every soul cried out,  
"Well done!"

As loud as he could bawl.

Soon the horse reached Edmonton. Mrs. Gilpin and party who had reached Edmonton earlier and saw from their balcony Mr. Gilpin coming at a terrific speed, tried to signal him to stop, but in vain.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—

Here's the house!"

They all at once did cry;  
"The dinner waits, and we are tired;"—

Said Gilpin—"So am I!"

The horse shot past Edmonton and stopped only at Ware. It was because its master stayed there.



But Mr. Gilpin was determined to dine with his wife at Edmonton. So he turned the horse. Alas, Mr. Gilpin was not destined to partake of the marriage anniversary dishes! The horse galloped on and on and never stopped until it had

brought Mr. Gilpin back to Cheapside, the starting point of his journey!

Written by William Cowper (1731-1800), *John Gilpin* has been a great favourite with the children although it was not written only for them!





# Tale of the Brave

This happened long ago. Once Switzerland was attacked by the Austrians. Gessler was the name of the general who was sent by the Austrian king to rule Switzerland.

Gessler was a proud fellow. He found much pleasure in humiliating the Swiss people. He hung his cap on a road-side pole and ordered that every passer-by must salute it.

William Tell and his little son, Walter Tell, happened to pass by the pole. An Austrian soldier ran up to them and demanded of them, "How dare you go away without saluting the general's cap?"

"I didn't know that I was required to salute it; but even if I knew, I would not have saluted it," said William.

Soon other soldiers gathered. Gessler himself also came there. He was eager to have a look at William, for, he had heard that

William was a great archer.

"You shall be thrown into gaol," Gessler growled. "But I can let you go on one condition. I shall put an apple on your son's head. Your arrow must strike it."

"I'd rather go to gaol than do that," said William.

"Father! Who is a greater archer than you? I shall stand fearless and steady. Please accept the challenge!" said the little Walter Tell.

William embraced the boy and let him stand with the apple on his head. He took aim, but was reluctant to discharge the arrow.

"Father, I can see that your hands and bow and the arrow are all steady and your aim is accurate. And you can see that I too am steady. Why do you delay?" said the boy.

That put courage into William. He let the arrow fly.



## INTERNATIONAL



# Little Tell

It went off hissing. Many shut their eyes. But soon all could hear Walter's laugh. "My father is the greatest archer!" he exclaimed and came running

to Gessler with the apple cut to two pieces by the arrow.

William and Walter were allowed to pass without saluting the general's cap.



**YEAR OF THE CHILD '79**



It was the year 1868. The place was Karnavas. An ascetic stood amidst a gathering of scholars and spoke against several wrong habits to which the society subscribed. In inspired words he declared that God was one and all had the right to worship him, Brahmin or not. He upheld the message of the Vedas and assailed the superstitions which people mistook as religion.

His fiery speech cast a spell on his audience. His message, no doubt, was revolutionary. But no scholar who had regard for truth could dispute it. Indeed, many pundits had come forward to argue with him, but, without exception had accepted defeat.

Suddenly, from the rear of the hall, a young Rajput rushed at the speaker. He unsheathed his sword and raised it menacingly. The speaker's remarks against some of the habits of the Rajput princes had infuriated the youth. He threatened the speaker with death if the latter did not withdraw his remarks.

The audience sat awe-struck.

The ascetic speaker fixed his gaze on the youth. A few seconds passed. The youth seemed to stand paralysed, as if under some strange power which the ascetic's look bore.

Quietly the ascetic took hold of the sword and broke it into two. The youth was seen trembling. Then he sat down. The ascetic went on with his speech, as if nothing had happened.

He was Swami Dayanand, a sage as brave as a lion. A great patriot, he travelled from province to province of India, arousing the Indians from their slumber. He created a stir wherever he went. Those who were conservative hated him. Those who looked for light and progress revered him. Scholars feared him. Crowds flocked to him, attracted by his magnetic personality. He became the most exciting figure in the nineteenth century India.

The Swami was born in 1824 in a village called Jivapur, in Gujarat, in a Brahmin family. His childhood name was Mool Shankar. A boy who showed



great concentration at study, he had mastered Sanskrit grammar and could recite much of the Vedas before he was thirteen!

His small village could not provide him with any greater scope for learning, nor the common folk could satisfy his quest for knowledge. He left home and wandered from place to place in search of worthy guides. He became an ascetic and lived with many sects of mendicants. In the course of his wandering he met some worthy teachers who recognised in him a genuine seeker. At Chandod he studied Vedanta under the guidance of Paramanand Paramhansa.

Swami Yoganand of Vyas Ashram taught him Yoga. Thereafter he wandered in the Himalayas in search of a spiritual guru. At last, at Mathura, the holy place of Krishna's birth, he met Swami Virajananda.

"Throw your books into the Yamuna. Forget all you have learnt so far," was Virajananda's direction to the young seeker.

Moolshankar did as directed. With a clean mind, he then began learning from the master the inner meaning of the Vedas and the Vedanta. He went through a strenuous course of discipline.

After three years the master







declared that the disciple's education had been completed.

On the eve of leaving the master's abode, the disciple offered to pay him the *Gurudakshina*—a token of gratitude for all he had received from the master.

But the master refused to accept any token. He directed the disciple to carry to the people the true message of the Vedas—to free them from their allegiance to numerous false systems preached by lesser books. The Vedas alone contained the light of God. If the disciple could make the Indians—the Aryas—aware of

this, he would have paid his *dakshina* to his guru.

The disciple promised to abide by the master's direction. Soon he emerged as Dayanand and became a legend in lifetime.

As he went from place to place, people realised that a new spirit had appeared among them. He preached against untouchability and child-marriage. He was critical of a number of other customs responsible for the degradation of the country.

His message spread fast from one part of the country to another. More and more people were attracted to him. At the same time he found many enemies out to kill him. He was served with poison several times. But his will-power and yogic discipline saved him every time. His meetings were disturbed by hooligans again and again.

In 1875, while at Bombay, he founded the *Arya Samaj*. Its manifesto said: (1) God was one. (2) One became a Brahmin or a Kshatriya or a Vaishya or a Shudra not by birth but by what one did. (3) Women were equal with men. (4) Child marriage was harmful. (5) The numerous holy books of India



should not be regarded as authentic. The Vedas alone were authentic, etc.

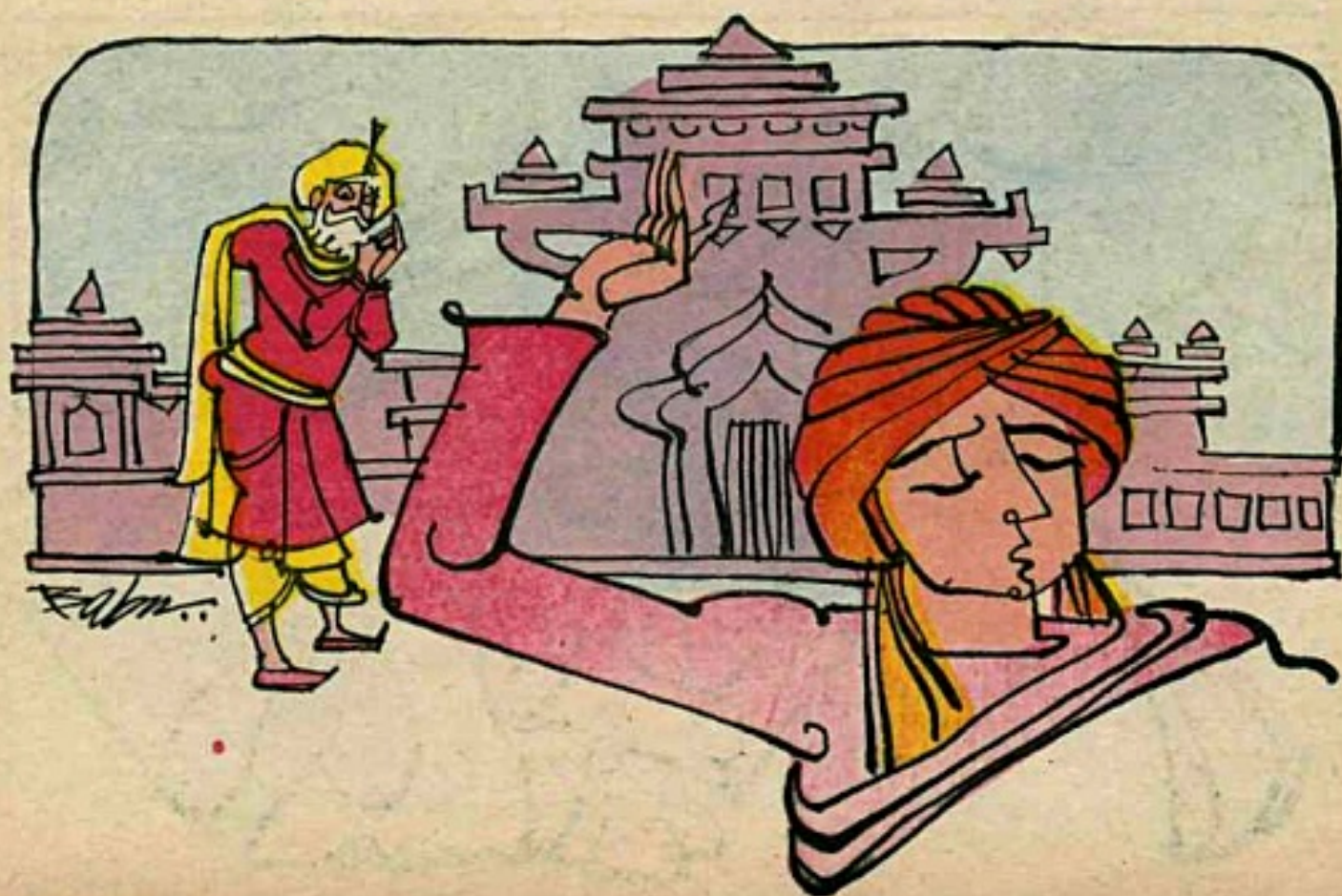
In temples idol-worship was carried on without true devotion. It was a hypocrisy. This view of Swami Dayanand disturbed even his admirers. The Maharana of Udaipur, who had become a devotee of the Swami, politely requested him to refrain from denouncing idol-worship. The Maharana also offered him the priesthood of the immensely rich Ekling temple—a position which was next to that of the Maharana himself!

The Swami replied, "You

tempt me to disobey the dictates of God! But know this that your small kingdom and all the great wealth of the temple cannot make me disobey God. I can leave your territory in a short while. But I cannot go out of His protection. There is no power on earth which can dissuade me from following the path of Truth."

The Maharana realised his mistake and apologised.

The ruler of Jodhpur, following the example of the ruler of Udaipur, invited the Swami to his territory. The Swami's well-wishers did not want the Swami to accept the invitation,





for, at Jodhpur there were many who were hostile to his ideals.

But the Swami was never afraid of hostility. For him it was a chance to carry his message to yet another area of the country. He proceeded to Jodhpur.

The ruler made arrangements for the Swami's comfortable stay. But it seemed he was feeling quite shy to appear before the Swami personally. That was because the Swami was never tired of reminding the Rajput princes of their glorious past and criticising them for their degraded ways of living. He took the ruler of

Jodhpur to task for his wasting most of his time in the company of a dancing girl, instead of looking to the people's welfare.

It was at Jodhpur that the Swami suddenly took ill, after drinking a glass of milk. Most probably the milk had been poisoned. The rumour had it that the dancing girl was the evil mind behind this treachery. The ruler, of course, saw to it that the Swami received immediate medical attention. But nothing was of any avail. His condition deteriorated. He was taken to Ajmer where he passed away in October 1883, on the Dipavali day.





## RIVER SARASWATI SPRINGS UP



Sage Gautama had three sons, Ekaka, Dwita and Trita. He had taken great pains to educate them in scriptures. The three sons became budding scholars.

Trita was not only a scholar, but also a young man of character. He was a sincere devotee of the Lord. Seekers came to him to listen to his discourses.



Once the three brothers decided to perform a *Yajna*. By pleasing the gods through the rite, they looked forward to gain prosperity. Accordingly, they set out for a sacred place.





They were passing through a forest. Trita walked ahead of the other two. Absorbed in thought, he failed to see a tiger gazing at him. Suddenly he found himself face to face with the beast.

Ekaka and Dwita had seen the tiger beforehand. They could have warned Trita, but they did not. They were jealous of him. They took to their heels and climbed a tree.



While running, Trita fell into a pit which was a well once. The fall saved him from the tiger. After a while he recovered his sense.



The two brothers are happy at the impression that Trita had been devoured by the tiger. "It is good that he is not there to claim a share of the fruits of the *Yajna*," they say.



But the two brothers do not know the hymn whereby to protect the site of the *Yajna* from hostile forces. Trita alone knew that. Soon they are attacked by ghouls and ghosts. The *Yajna* is destroyed.

Inside the pit Trita realises that the auspicious moment for the *Yajna* had come. He strikes two stones together. A spark is born. He makes a small fire of dry leaves. "This is my *Yajna*," he says.



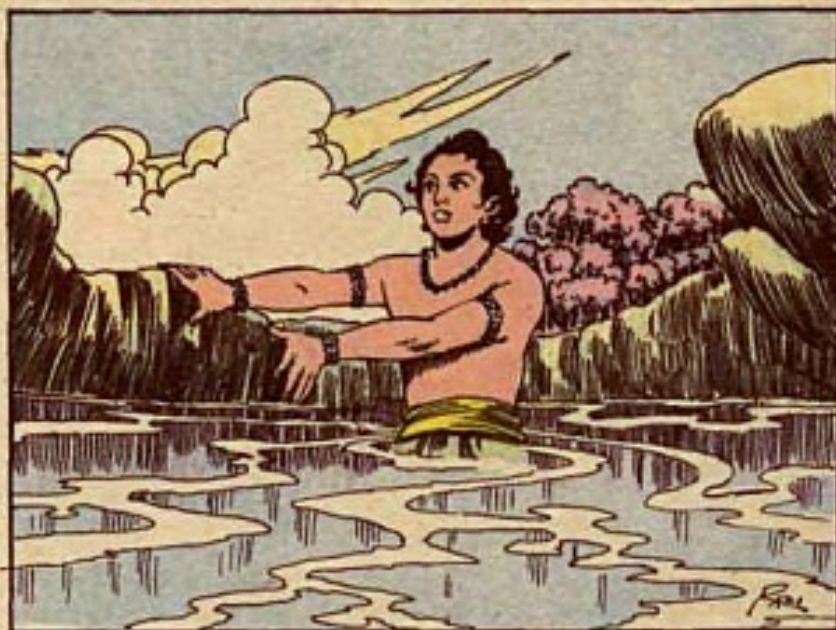




"This place is no sacred. My prayer should make it sacred. I don't have the things needed for *Yajna*. But my devotion is there," said Trita. And soon the gods appeared above him and offered him a boon.

"Let this spot become sacred. Let all who bathe in the water of this well feel blessed," said Trita.

At once a surge of water pushed him up.



River Saraswati which flowed underground, had come up as a result of the boon Trita received. The sacred Saraswati flowed on to the great joy of sages and seekers. Trita was hailed by all.





## THE HIDDEN TREASURE

Alok's wife loved good furniture. Alok, however, was not in a position to buy things according to her desire.

However, he remembered his wife's fascination for artistic things. He waited for an opportunity when he can please her by buying a few nice things.

The landlord of the locality died. He was in debt. His young son sold away his property and left for the town. Several luxurious items were sold cheaply. Alok bought a large cot with delicate carvings.

The cot was fitted with glass. But the glass pieces were old and damaged. Alok began to remove them in order to put new ones in their places.

While removing one such piece, he hit upon a treasure of gold mohurs hidden behind it.

"We have no claim to this treasure. This must have been stored by the late landlord or his father or grandfather. We should restore the mohurs to the young landlord who has run into bad days," said Alok's wife.

Alok appreciated his wife's conscience. He put the treasure in a bag and went to the town to hand them over to its rightful owner.

It was evening when Alok reached the town. He was quite tired by then. He needed immediate rest.

He did not know where the





young landlord lived. He went to the house of an old friend of his, Suresh, to spend the night.

Once a prosperous merchant, Suresh had suddenly become poor. His business had failed. He was leading a miserable life.

Upon hearing the woes of Suresh, Alok was moved to deep sympathy. He could not sleep at night. He took a decision to give half of the mohurs to Suresh so that he could come up in business again.

While Alok lay on his bed and reflected on the situation, he heard a harsh voice coming from the next room.

"Show me the spot where

you have buried your wealth, or your son dies!" said the voice.

Alok hurried to the scene. A dacoit had taken hold of Suresh's young son. He brandished a sharp dagger.

"Looking at my mansion you must have thought that I have much wealth. But I am one who has recently gone bankrupt," said Suresh pleadingly.

"Any rich man would say the same thing. You should not expect me to believe you. I am going to kill your son if you don't tell about your hidden treasure in a minute," growled the dacoit.

"Take your dagger off the boy and go away with these mohurs," said Alok.

The dacoit slipped away with the bag of mohurs.

"You saved us. But for you, we would have lost our son to the dacoit!" said Suresh and his wife, expressing their gratitude to Alok.

"It is not that I had come here to help you. It is Providence that used me to save your son," commented Alok.

In the morning Alok went in search of the young landlord. After much enquiry, he traced him. The young man lived in



a small hut not far from Suresh's house.

"Some of my false friends advised me to come to the town. But they swindled me of the entire money I had brought. Now that I have nothing, I never see them," complained the young man.

Alok told him all about the chance discovery of the mohurs, his intention to hand them over to him, and how he lost them to the dacoit.

The young man sat stunned for a while. Then he cried out, "This means I stole my own property! God showed that I had no business to turn a dacoit. The mohurs would have come to me anyway!"

Alok now realised who the dacoit was.

"Come, let us go back to the village. You can begin a busi-

ness with the mohurs as your capital. I shall help you," proposed Alok.

"But you must give half of the mohurs to your friend, Suresh. He too is as needy as I," said the young landlord.

Alok brought Suresh and the young man together and planned a trade. Suresh continued to be in the town and market the goods which the young landlord sent from his village. Their business was a roaring success. When the two made enough profit, they offered the value of the mohurs in cash to Alok.

Alok was reluctant to accept the amount. But they compelled him to accept it.

"The real hidden treasure was not the heap of mohurs, but the goodness in those three," commented people who knew their story.





## FIVE HOLES

Two friends, Harihar and Ratnakar, had not met for many years. Harihar had become a traveller, Ratnakar a wealthy landlord.

Harihar came to see his dear friend. He was told that Ratnakar was busy worshipping Lord Shiva.

A little later, he was told that Ratnakar, after worshipping Lord Shiva, was worshipping Lord Vishnu.

An hour later Harihar learnt that his friend was busy worshipping Goddess Kali.

At last, when Ratnakar came out, he saw five holes before his house. Unable to recognise Ratnakar, he asked, "Who has dug these holes, and why?"

"I have dug them for water," replied Harihar.

"You have not acted wisely. You should have dug one hole deep instead of five, for water," said Ratnakar.

"Shouldn't you worship one deity with deep devotion for your prayer to be heard instead of worshipping several?" asked Harihar.





*New Tales of King Vikram,  
and the Vampire*

## THE MAGIC BLANKET

Dark was the night and fearful the atmosphere. Thunders shook the region and flashes of lightning showed weird faces all around.

But the fearless King Vikram climbed the old banian tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the cremation ground with the corpse on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse observed, "O King, I guess, it is to master some magic power that you are taking such pains. But let me tell you that there are instances of people who get hold of such powers only to discard them after a while. Rohitsen was such a man. Pay attention to his account. That might give you some relief."

Went on the vampire: King Rohitsen of Shobhawati had a guru named Atmananda. The guru lived on a mountain, far from the madding crowd.





Even then people did not spare him. He was pestered by visitors who sought his blessing! He hardly found time for meditation.

Vexed with the situation, he charged a blanket with such power that he became invisible when he covered himself with it. That gave him the desired peace. Whenever he wanted to be alone, he sat covered with the magic blanket. Visitors went away under the impression that he had left the place.

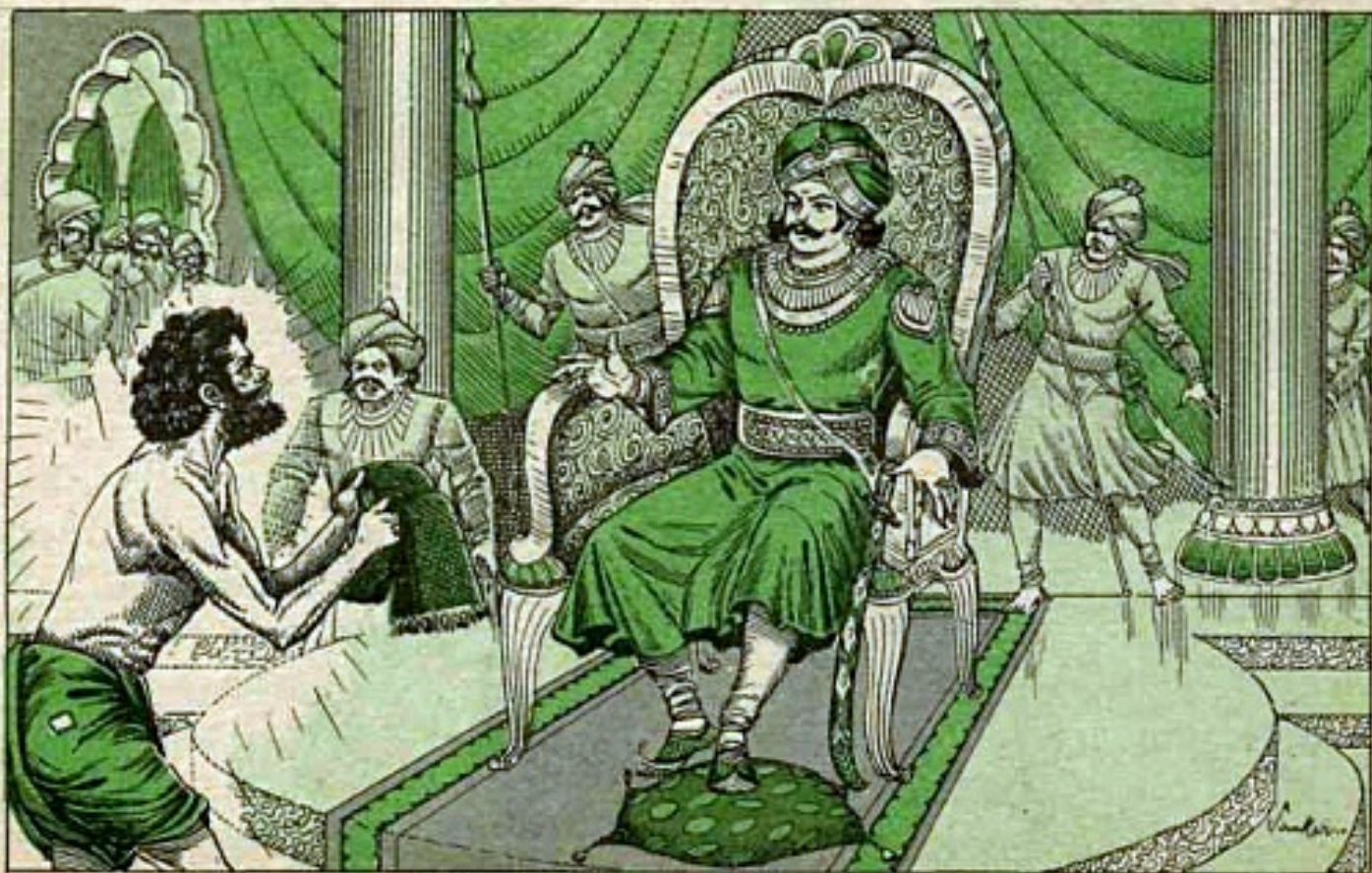
One day, while walking along a narrow path on the hill, he slipped down into the valley below and lay unconscious. The

blanket lay on the mountain.

An hour later a poor traveller happened to see the blanket. He carried it to the market and sold it to a beggar for a small price.

The beggar covered himself with the blanket and instantly grew invisible. The miracle occurred while a number of people looked on. The news spread at great speed. All were agog, discussing the miracle.

A gang of bandits heard about the magic blanket. The chief of the gang ordered his followers to trace the beggar and kill him and get hold of the blanket. He knew that he





would be able to infiltrate into the royal treasury if he possessed the blanket.

The beggar too knew that he could steal from any place by the help of the blanket. But he was honest. He did not like to steal. At the same time he was afraid of going out for begging lest he should be seen by the bandits who were out to kill him.

He entered the king's court, invisible, and then grew visible by removing the blanket from his person. He offered it to the king.

The king who had heard much about the blanket was delighted to receive it. He arranged a handsome monthly allowance for the beggar.

Upon recovering his consciousness, Atmananda looked for his blanket. Soon he heard that the thing had already reached the king. He proceeded to the royal court.

"O Guru, won't you allow me to retain the blanket with me?" the king asked Atmananda humbly.

"It might prove risky, my child," said the guru.

"I shall use it cautiously. I believe, I can do much good for my kingdom with the blanket at my disposal," said the king.



The guru kept quiet for some time. "If you promise to be careful and use it for the kingdom's good, you can keep it," he said at last. Then he fastened a talisman around the king's right arm and departed.

The king regularly went out of his palace and roamed about invisible. In a short time he found out all the hidings of the bandits, the workshops of the adulterers, and the seats of the gamblers. His soldiers rounded them up. Thus, the kingdom was rid of the wicked elements.

The king loved a court-dancer named Chanchala. Now that he had the magic blanket, it was



easy for him to visit her, invisible to others.

"Won't you lend me the blanket only for a day?" Chanchala pleaded with the king one day. The king could not refuse her the request.

"Let both of us first go to the palace, invisible. After leaving me there, you can have the blanket to yourself," proposed the king.

Covered with the blanket, both reached the palace. Then the king allowed Chanchala to have it for herself.

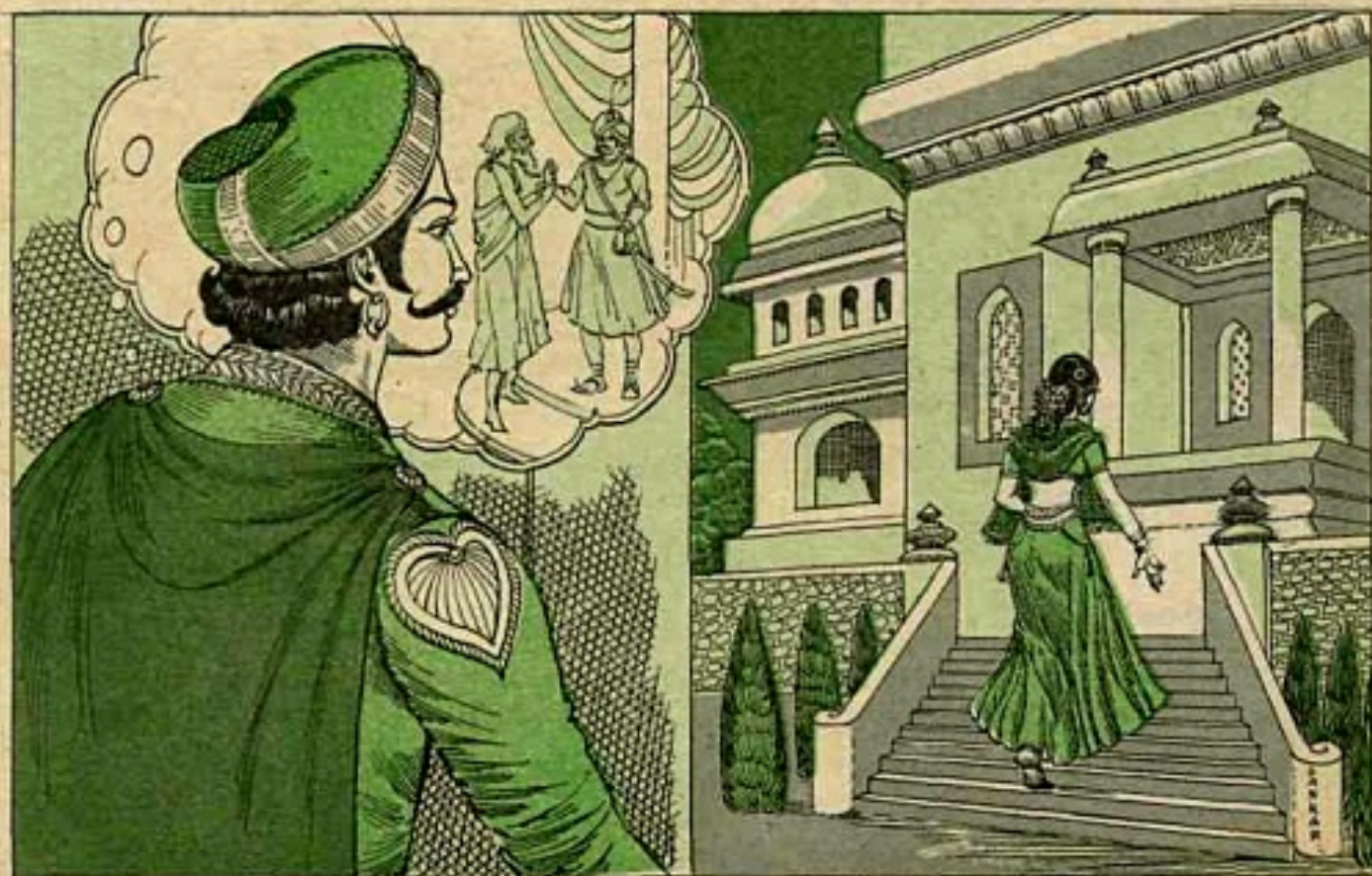
As Chanchala walked out, the king was surprised to note that he could see her! He rea-

lised that it was the talisman that gave him this power.

The king saw that Chanchala, instead of returning to her own house, headed towards his commander's house. The young commander, Pravir, was an ambitious man. The king wondered what transpired between Chanchala and Pravir.

At midnight, the king saw Pravir entering the palace, covered with the blanket. Pravir was invisible to all but the king. Obviously he did not know that the king could see him.

Pravir entered the king's bedroom. The king pretended to





lie asleep. But as soon as Pravir drew his sword, the king attacked him at a lightning speed and threw him down. The royal bodyguards rushed in and captured him.

It was found out that Pravir had promised to make Chanchala his queen if he could win the throne by killing the king.

Chanchala was exiled.

But soon the king met his guru and returned the blanket to him.

The vampire paused and then asked in a challenging tone, "O King, why did Atmananda take the trouble of visiting the king for his blanket? He could have charged another blanket with his magic power! Secondly, why did the king return the blanket to Atmananda even though it proved so useful in bringing the wicked elements to

book? Answer me, if you can. If you choose to keep mum despite your knowledge of the answers, your head would roll off your shoulders!"

King Vikram replied at once: "It was not to get back the blanket, but to arm the king with the talisman that Atmananda had visited the king. The king returned the blanket when he realised that he had forfeited his right to retain it any longer. As long as he used it for good causes, he was safe. He ran the risk of losing the life from the day he began using it for satisfying his personal desires. He would have been killed by Pravir but for the talisman."

As soon as the king concluded his reply, the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.







## THE WORTH OF AN ART

The king's heralds announced, "There will be a festival in the capital. People talented in various arts are invited to gather before the palace and demonstrate their talents. The king will be pleased to give rewards to those who are found really gifted."

Hundreds flocked to the capital. While some went to demonstrate their talents, others went to witness the demonstrations.

In front of the palace there was a field. It was cleared of bushes. Camps were erected there for those who came to participate in the competitions. Slowly the camps were filled with people. Among them were magicians, musicians, sportsmen, dramatists, and inventors.

In a village lived a pundit, a learned scholar. He could explain the complex problems of philosophy in a simple style. His neighbour, Uttam, was an accomplished archer. Both proceeded to the capital, together.

On their way they were joined by Ramsingh who was an expert at lathi-play. He too was on his way to the festival to show how to handle the stick for both defensive and offensive purposes.

They had to pass through a forest. Uttam observed, "I feel quite rewarded for having mastered archery. It is an art which, on one hand, can protect myself and others; on the other hand it can earn me a living."

"Yours is a good art so far



as ordinary life is concerned. I feel blessed because I can illumine hundreds of minds through my discourses," said the pundit.

"But can your discourse save yourself when in danger?" challenged Uttam.

"Why not? My scholarly and kind words can certainly change the hearts of the cruel people!" answered the pundit.

"But archery is one of the most hallowed arts. Great names like Krishna and Arjuna are linked with my art. Who is not afraid of an archer?" said Uttam.

"I belong to the tradition of the rishis, who gave us the scrip-

tures. Who does not respect a scholar?" asked the pundit.

Bhimsingh who heard their dispute, said, "All arts are valuable. One art might prove superior in a particular situation; another will prove superior in another situation. We cannot brand some as superior and some as inferior."

The pundit and the archer laughed. "We hope, you don't mean to say that even your lathi-play can be compared to scholarship or archery!"

"I don't wish to compare one art with another. All I say is, circumstance determines the usefulness of a certain art," said





Bhimsingh.

"All said and done, your art does not come anywhere near ours," said the pundit and the archer.

Bhimsingh kept quiet.

It was midday. Bhimsingh was to cook for himself and his companions. As he kept busy lighting a fire, the pundit and the archer strolled away, talking.

Suddenly Bhimsingh heard a cry. He looked back and saw his companions surrounded by four bandits. The pundit was trying to put good sense into them by reciting lines from a holy book. But they were in no mood to appreciate his recitation. The bandits being too close to Uttam, he found no chance to use his bow and arrow.

The two friends were in a

helpless condition. The pundit was on the verge of weeping. The archer looked extremely helpless. The bandits were about to take away forcibly the money they had. The pundit and the archer were only groaning.

Bhimsingh picked up his lathi and reached the scene in a few bounds, shouting and gyrating his weapon. The bandits received a few hard blows and ran away like kicked dogs.

The pundit and the archer took time to recover their speech. Then they embraced Bhimsingh.

"You were right. Pardon us for our insolent words," they said.

"Please don't say so. Many things are spoken for argument's sake. What is wrong in that?" said Bhimsingh with a kind smile.







## THE SAGA OF SHIVA

The gods learnt from Brahma that only a son of Shiva can put an end to the menace that was the demon Tarak.

Shiva could have a son only if he married Parvati. But, engrossed in askesis that he was, no thought of marriage ever occurred to him.

The gods conferred among themselves. How to inspire in Shiva's heart a desire to have a son? Several gods made several suggestions. But they did not seem to be practical. At last some one proposed that if they appealed to the god of love, he could perhaps do the needful.

The gods approached Kama, the god of love, and said, "In the heart of Shiva, you must arouse love for Parvati. Only then he will care to marry her and we can look forward to the birth of a hero who would kill

the terrible demon."

Kama was reluctant to do as advised by the gods. "Shiva does not like to be disturbed at all. And he may not pardon me for what I'd do to him. His wrath might prove fateful to me!"

"How do you underestimate your power, Kama? Is there any creature, great or small, who cannot be tamed by you? Must you feel shy to do something that would help the gods?" said Indra in a bid to provoke Kama.

This worked. Kama felt quite flattered. He realised that to inspire love in Shiva's heart would be a great achievement indeed!

Kama and his wife, Rati, rode their vehicle, the parrot, and flew in the direction of Kailash. Ahead of them flew the angel



of spring, along with a thousand cuckoos.

With their descent on Mount Kailash a great change marked the region. Trees overflowed with flowers and waves of mild breeze carried their sweet fragrance to every nook and corner of the region. Cuckoos began singing in melodious voices.

Parvati, as usual, came to serve Shiva. As soon as she bowed to the meditative Shiva, Kama, who was hiding behind a tree, shot his flowery arrow of passion at his heart.

The invisible arrow created an unusual sensation in the calm heart of Shiva. He opened

his eyes and saw Parvati. He smiled. But he was determined to find out what disturbed him. He cast his look in all the directions. Soon he spied upon Kama.

Shiva's smile had encouraged Kama. He was beginning to feel delighted. Just then Shiva's gaze was fixed on him. The great god saw Kama's bow and the flowery arrows. "So, this naughty dispenser of love and passion is trying his trick upon me!" he uttered.

At once, on Shiva's forehead, his third eye which generally remained shut, opened up. A beam of fire shot out of it and





struck Kama. In the twinkling of an eye, Kama was reduced to ashes.

The fire began to destroy the forest thereafter. Rati, the wife of Kama, stood stunned at this sudden turn of events. But very soon she realised that there was no time to waste. She ran to Shiva and cried out, "Restore my husband to life, O God. He did not come here of his own accord. The gods, including Indra, prevailed upon him to inspire in your heart love for Parvati so that you would marry her!"

Shiva was touched. He restored Kama to life. But the

resurrected Kama remained invisible to all but Rati. The fire too subsided when Shiva looked at the forest with peace in his eyes.

Parvati who witnessed the sudden burning of Kama and the forest ran home in panic. But the sage Narada arrived there soon and gave her a hymn.

"Keep on uttering the hymn, my child, and your wish will certainly be fulfilled," he assured Parvati.

Parvati chose a lonely spot and began reciting the hymn before the symbol of Shiva. She forgot food and sleep and became emaciated. Her parents





were worried.

"My daughter, enough of your meditation on Shiva. Return to the palace and live like a princess. I cannot bear to see you in this condition any longer," said her mother, Menaka.

"I shall be back in the palace only after Shiva has promised to marry me," said Parvati.

"But haven't you served him for long? What was the result?" muttered Menaka with some anguish.

"I have served him for the joy of it. I could not have done otherwise. Nothing else could have given me any satisfaction.

If I am now meditating upon him, that too is because I cannot do otherwise," replied Parvati.

The loving parents had to go back disappointed. Parvati resumed her concentration on Shiva.

In the meanwhile the gods met Shiva and acquainted him with the situation. The demon, Tarak, was growing more and more mischievous. None can kill him but Shiva's son. That is the boon the demon had obtained under the impression that Shiva would never have a son. The demon ought to be proved wrong.





The appeal by the gods and Parvati's meditation on him now obliged Shiva to give some consideration to the proposal. He asked for time to come to a decision.

Parvati was one day surprised by an old fellow appearing before her. She welcomed him, taking him to be a sage.

"What are you doing in this forest?" asked the old man.

"I am meditating on Shiva," replied Parvati.

"What boon do you wish to have from him?" asked the stranger.

"I wish to have him as my husband," replied Parvati.

"You must be mad to say so. Don't you know that Shiva lives like a mendicant, has nothing but a tiger-skin to wear and has no roof over his head? How

can a princess think of living with him?" observed the stranger, ridiculing Parvati's decision.

"That is none of your business O stranger, you may go your way," said Parvati impatiently.

"I tell you, O Princess, Shiva is an utterly irresponsible fellow ....." remarked the old man again.

"You are a sinner to speak ill of Shiva. What a pity that I had taken you for a sage!" said Parvati in disgust.

There was a laughter. Parvati looked at the old man with fury in her eyes. And what should she behold but Lord Shiva standing before her.

"I was sounding the depth of your sincerity," explained Shiva. Parvati stood, blushing.

Shiva had at last decided to marry her.







## THE DANGEROUS KNOWLEDGE

Long long ago there was a king who had only one child—a daughter. When she came of age, the king grew anxious to find a suitable youth who would marry her. He who would marry her would also become the future ruler of the kingdom.

There were three eligible youths in the kingdom, all coming of noble families. They were Ajay, Vijay, and Sudhir. All the three were eager to marry the princess. The king received secret reports to the effect that Ajay planned a rebellion in case he was not chosen to marry the princess and Vijay too meant to harm the king, if rejected.

As soon as it became known that the king was now looking for a bridegroom, Ajay and

Vijay met the minister separately and each said, "No trouble need be taken to find a match for the princess when I am there!" Sudhir, however, kept quiet.

The king called the three young men and said, "Go out in separate directions and return after a year. During your travels, you should try to learn some art by which you can help the kingdom prosper."

The three young men went out and returned after a year.

"My lord, I have mastered an art by which I can bring about a severe earthquake. If ever any enemy attacks our land, we can use the art to harass them," declared Ajay.

"I have learnt a hymn whereby I can bring down con-



tinuous rain and cause cyclone. We can use the hymn to harass our enemy," declared Vijay.

The king heard them with attention and asked, "But do you know the hymns to put an end to the earthquake and the cyclone which you can begin?"

Ajay and Vijay had no answer to the question.

The king looked grave and repeated his question. Both Ajay and Vijay said that it had not occurred to them to learn the secrets of stopping the earthquake and the cyclone.

The king then looked at Sudhir. Sudhir said, "My lord, I studied the laws of statecraft with a learned scholar. I believe, if given a chance, I can introduce some laws which will much improve the condition of the kingdom."

"Shut up! You mean to say

that my laws are bad!" screamed the king and he ordered Sudhir to be thrown into gaol.

He then invited Ajay and Vijay to join him at supper. First they were served with some juice. No sooner had they taken them than they fell dead.

"Was it necessary to kill them, my lord?" asked the minister.

"Yes. Even if I were to give my daughter in marriage to one of them, the other one would have grown angry and caused havoc with the cursed art he had learnt. I had asked them to learn something constructive. But these two learnt lessons which were destructive. I had to do away with them for the safety of my people," explained the king.

He then brought Sudhir back from gaol and married him to the princess.





## NOBODY THEN!

Ram and Bhim were friends. Once Ram gave Bhim an amount of a hundred rupees and said, "Keep this for me. I shall claim it when need arises."

A year passed. "I need the money now," Ram told Bhim. "Money? What money? I don't remember your having given me a paisa! Have you any witness to the transaction?" said Bhim.

Ram was shocked. He complained about Bhim's treachery to the village chief.

The chief called Bhim and asked him about it. Bhim asserted that he was quite innocent.

The chief assumed a grave face and exclaimed, "There were twenty people present when Ram gave you the money!"

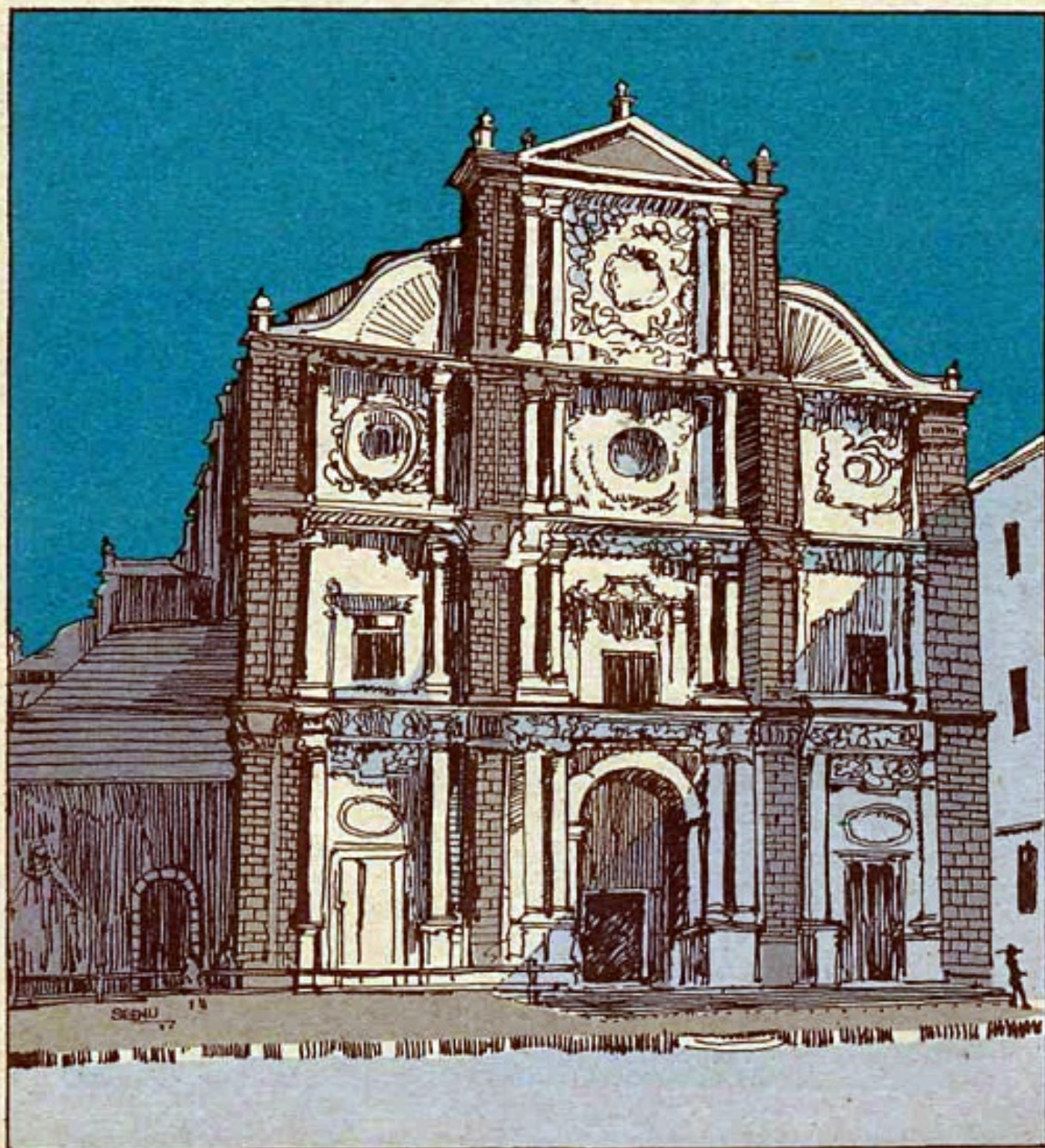
"No sir! There was nobody then!" stammered out a nervous Bhim.





### BOM JESUS CHURCH OF GOA

Nine kilometres from Panaji, the capital of Goa, is the historic Velha Goa, the old Portuguese capital. A great attraction of this town is the Church of Bom Jesus which contains the gem-studded tomb of St. Francis Xavier. The body of the saint was exposed to the public once in about ten years. A large number of people visit this important church - a basilica.





## THE BULLY'S FATE

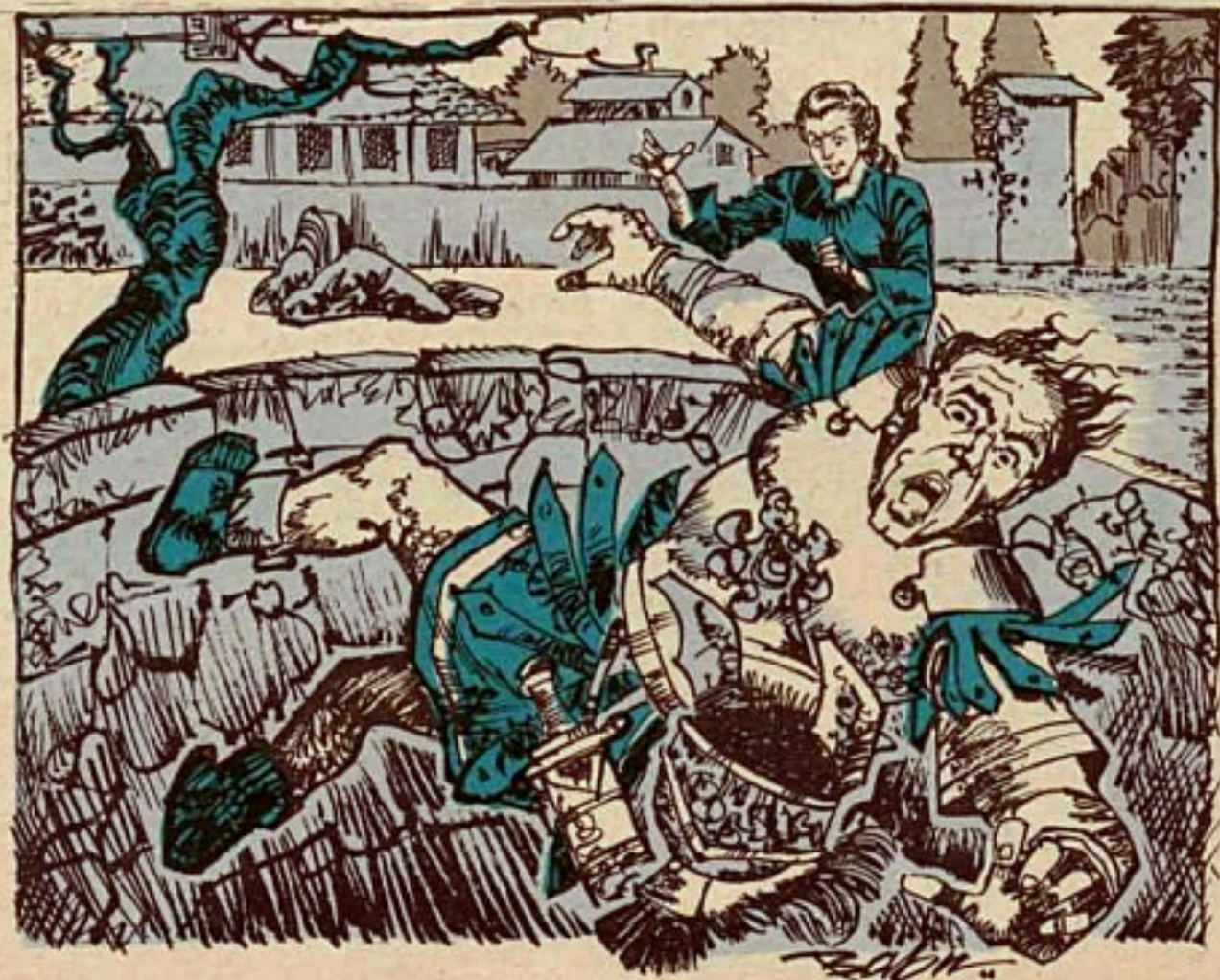
The army of Alexander the Great invaded Thebes. His soldiers ran amok, plundering the houses of the wealthy citizens of Thebes.

One of the captains of Alexander's army, a bully, entered a house in which lived a lady, alone. He insulted her and obliged her to surrender to him all the money and whatever precious things she had.

Not satisfied, the captain threatened to kill her if she did not show him the spot where she kept more of her wealth hidden. The lady showed him a deep well. As soon as the captain stooped to look into it she gave him a push. The fellow tumbled down to his death.

Two soldiers reached there the very next moment. They took hold of the lady. The crime she had committed seemed so grave to them that they did not know how to punish her. So they led her to their king.

But when Alexander heard all that had happened, he not only freed the lady, but also restored to her all her wealth.







## AN UNEXPECTED GIFT

Sukumar, the money-lender, was wealthy but he was stingy. Not that he did not spend liberally for his own comfort, but when it came to spending for somebody else, he suffered from a kind of pain at heart. The only way to relief was not to spend!

At times he received invitations from friends and relatives for attending marriage functions of their children. He avoided attending such functions. Thereby he avoided buying presents for the brides or the bridegrooms. However, his wife attended them. If anybody enquired about Sukumar, she said, "He went to the market to buy a good present. He should be here any moment."

If, at the end of the function, someone wondered why

Sukumar did not turn up, she said, "He must have met some friends in the market and forgotten all about the invitation. He is such a forgetful man, you know! However, let me carry some sweets for him!"

The people winked at each other. They knew the reason for Sukumar's absence.

Sukumar had a distant cousin named Harish. Sukumar was obliged to him on many counts.

"My daughter's marriage is to take place a month from today. You must help me in managing the celebration," Harish told Sukumar.

Sukumar nodded his assent. But he never went to the cousin's house and did nothing to help him.

"But you ought to be there on the day the marriage is to be solemnised. It would look



indecent otherwise," Sukumar's wife told him.

"But how can I go there without a present? And how to get a present without spending money?" asked a pensive Sukumar.

Sukumar's wife lowered her voice and said, "Never mind the present. Wrap up an empty box in colourful papers and hand it over to the person in charge of collecting the gifts. Who would remember which one of the gifts was yours?"

This appealed to Sukumar. But his heart did not permit him to carry an absolutely empty box. He put a flower in

it, on a bed of leaves.

All the guests were surprised to see Sukumar carrying a gift-box. He too felt quite flattered at having attracted everybody's attention.

He sat for the feast. Suddenly Harish appeared before the guests and exclaimed, "My brother, Sukumar! I never thought that you will make such a wonderful present!"

Sukumar's face paled. He was sure that Harish was being sarcastic at him.

"What is his present?" asked some guests.

Harish slowly picked up from the box a ring—a dazzling dia-







mond ring.

"Wonderful indeed!" exclaimed one and all.

Sukumar's heart was throbbing at its fastest. The diamond ring had been pledged to him by the landlord who had run into financial difficulty, against a loan of two thousand rupees!

He had put it on for the occasion. He did not realise that it sat loose on his finger and had slipped into the box.

Sukumar had not only to forgo the two thousand rupees, but also had to pay five hundred rupees more to the landlord towards the price of the ring.

## SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES





# PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. Srivatsa S. Vati



Mr. Azmat A. Syed

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 25/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The prize for the March '79 goes to :

Mr. K. R. Narayanan, G/11 Govt. Officers' Colony,  
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The Winning Entry : 'Rapt Attention' — 'Deft Pretention'



PICKS FROM  
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Dear Sir,

I have just read the final instalment of VEER HANUMAN in the *Chandamama*. The serial, accompanied by striking illustrations, was most wonderful...I hope, you'd consider publishing the serial in a book form, priced reasonably.

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I am fascinated by your new feature MEMORABLE MOMENTS FROM HISTORY. Yours is the only magazine which brings about a harmony between education and entertainment. What is more, you know how to educate through stories.

D. P. Das, Cuttack.



# Raju paints without brush

Raju Paints without brush.

Raju was a clumsy boy. He liked to paint no doubt. But always used to spill water from the bowl, smudge the floor, spoil his hands and clothes.

Which mother would tolerate such things? 'No more painting' said his mother.

Mohan felt sorry for Raju. He showed him his box of oil pastels.

No water, no brush, no spilling and smudging.

Just pick the pastels from the box and start drawing — what a range of colours!

Parrot green, Lobster orange, Peacock blue, Sunflower yellow and many many more.

Now Raju's mother too has bought him a box of oil pastels.



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